



BARTOLO LONGO, LL. D.

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HISTORY, NOVENAS AND PRAYERS  
OF  
OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY  
OF POMPEII

BY THE REV. J. W. LEVAUX

MISSIONARY IN EAST-INDIA

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8th Edition

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VALLE DI POMPEI  
EDITING SCHOOL OF THE SONS OF CONVICTS  
1897

Twenty fifth thousand.

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**Nihil obstat. Imprimatur.**

SAC. JOS. MARUCCO, S. Th. D.

*Valle di Pompei, 28a Novembris 1893.*

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#### PROTESTATION

*Complying with the decrees of Urban VIII, we here declare that whatever is said in this book about miracles and apparitions, has but human authority.*

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LETTER

OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. HENRY REED DA SILVA, DD.  
BISHOP OF MYLAPOOR, EAST INDIA  
TO THE REV. J. W. LEVAUX  
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT MADRAS

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*St. Thomé, Madras,  
14th March, 1895.*

*My dear Father,*

*The evident favour with which Our good Lady herself regards the devotion treated of in your little book, is abundantly seen in the benefits — both spiritual and temporal — so plentifully reaped by those who, both in this diocese and elsewhere, have had recourse to her under the invocation of “Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii”.*

*Accordingly, it cannot but be, as it is, a source of gratification to me, that a priest of my diocese should have been instrumental in practically introducing into the country a devotion, at once so pleasing to Our Lady and so beneficial to the faithful; and should, with unremitting zeal, still be found endeavouring to make this same salutary devotion, yet more widely known and largely practised.*

*That God “the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort” may bless you and your purpose, is the earnest wish of*

*Yours devotedly in Christ,*

✠ HENRY,

*Bishop of Mylapoor.*

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## THE MIRACULOUS SHRINE

At the very foot of the terrific volcano Vesuvius, the barren summit of which is seen towering in tremendous contrast with the magnificent scenery of the far extending bay of Naples, within the shadow of the palaces and temples of old Pompeii and close by the Roman amphitheatre, there stands a church dedicated to the Mother of God, the monumental *Basilica of the Holy Rosary*.

But a few years ago, Valle di Pompei was quite unknown to most explorers. It was decreed in the divine counsel that there where, in days of yore, the profane Venus had been

worshipped, the Immaculate Virgin should be venerated and loved. As in similar cases, God chose the meanest and most inadequate instruments to show forth to the world the great marvels of His mercy.

Don Bartolo Longo, a very distinguished Italian lawyer, had been for over thirty years an obstinate spiritualist and a sinner. But finally divine grace visited his soul, and the unbeliever began eagerly seeking for truth. In October 1872, Bartolo, alone in a wild spot of the valley of Pompeii, was there meditating on the best way to atone for his sins and to find back peace and happiness, when, all of a sudden, he heard a sweet voice saying to him: « *Wilt thou find peace back again....? Spread my Rosary, for*



*whoever propagates devotion to the Rosary shall never perish*». This was the last stroke of grace that broke the lawyer's heart. He got up and holding out his hands towards heaven as though taking a solemn oath, he thus answered Mary's invitation: « *If thy promise is sure, then I am safe, for I shall not leave this valley ere having spread thy Rosary* ». And falling on his knees, amidst sobs and tears, the famous unbeliever and materialist prayed.....



The lawyer Bartolo Longo immediately set to work together with his wife, countess Marianna de Fusco; both preached devotion to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary among the poor



and ignorant people of Pompeii, and liberally distributed beads and pictures in each hut of the hamlet.

In order to encourage the pious custom of saying the beads in public every evening and thereby gain rich indulgences, it was thought necessary to have some picture of the Queen of the Rosary hung up in the chapel of Valle di Pompei. The lawyer Longo accordingly went up to Naples, and after many useless researches, was offered by a Dominican Father, his confessor, an old, worn-out oil-painting which many years ago the Friar had bought for two shillings in a broker's shop. The picture wrapped in a sheet was consigned to a cartman, who, at times, used to make a journey down from Naples to the country of Scafati.

Thus the picture of our Lady of the Rosary was for the first time exposed to the veneration of the peasantry.



On 13th February 1876, the *Confraternity of the Holy Rosary* was erected in the small crumbling chapel of the lonely hamlet. From that day forward begins the history of the miracles wrought by Almighty God at Valle di Pompei.

Don Bartolo Longo made known to the bishop of Nola his eager desire to erect, at his own expense, a chapel to the Queen of the Rosary. The prelate, who himself had long cherished the hope of building a church at Pompeii, disclosed his intentions to the

lawyer and his wife: he charged them to collect *one penny* a month from each peasant of the place and from other pious faithful, as a contribution towards the building of a church to the Queen of the Rosary. Two months later the site was bought. On 8th May 1876, the bishop of Nola himself laid the corner-stone of the sanctuary.

The temple is a handsome building of a majestic architecture, capable of holding three thousand people: it possesses seven altars, a cupola and a belfry. The decorations, — consisting of the rarest marbles, of bronze statues, of artistic paintings and frescoes, of mouldings of admirable richness, all the work of the most distinguished talent, — place the Sanctuary on a level with the most renowned in the world.

That, however, which particularly strikes all the visitors, is the monument of marble and bronze, the royal throne, on which stands the miraculous picture of our Lady of the holy Rosary and which costs more than 10,000 pounds sterling.

In 1880, the famous Italian painter Frederico Maldarelli very carefully retouched the sacred picture, and, by a most delicate operation, substituted a new cloth for the old one torn in several places and altogether spoiled by dampness. It is the same oil-painting that now shines in a beautiful and rich frame of bronze which surround fifteen medallions representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. It seems as though the Virgin Mary has made of this picture as a

light transparent veil through which her lovely face appears smiling at her faithful children and moving the hearts of sinners.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> May, 1887, cardinal Monaco La Valletta was delegated by Leo XIII to solemnly consecrate the altar of our Lady and preside at the ceremony of her coronation. The eminent Prelate brought to Pompeii a magnificent chasuble where conspicuous above the rich embroidery is the coat-of-arms of the Pecci family. His Holiness desired that this vestment should be worn by the cardinal at the high mass on the solemn occasion of the dedication of the altar.

The Sovereign Pontiff himself was pleased to bless the marvellous crown of gems to be placed upon the brow



of the Queen of the Rosary. This crown is a wonderful work indeed: the diamonds and sapphires admirably set together, convert the diadem into a brilliant aureole and bear testimony to the prodigies of the Queen of Victories.

The picture itself is now one mass of brilliants, the spontaneous tributes of persons of all climes and of all religions who have wished to attest their gratitude by depriving themselves of their ornaments.

The 8<sup>th</sup> May, on which the Church commemorates the apparition of saint Michael the Archangel on mount Gaurro, was chosen for the great festival at the shrine of Pompeii. It was on that memorable day indeed that, in 1876, the bishop of Nola laid the



corner-stone of the Sanctuary; it was on the very same day that in 1887, cardinal Monaco La Valletta dedicated the new high-altar to the Queen of the Rosary; it was on the 8<sup>th</sup> May again that, in 1892, the dean of the Sacred College consecrated the temple in presence of seventy-four prelates.

Every year, on the eve of the festival, pilgrims flock by thousands to Valle di Pompei and there spend the whole night in prayer: this is the *Veglia santa*. From midnight till noon, without interruption, masses are said at the ten altars and some 8,000 people receive holy communion. On the 8<sup>th</sup> May, at midday, the cardinal, vicar of the basilica, kneeling at the feet of the miraculous Madonna, solemnly recites together with an immense

multitude of faithful the *Petition to our Lady of Pompeii*. At the same hour, the *Petition* is publicly read out also in hundreds of churches and chapels, not only in Italy and throughout Europe, but also in Africa, in America, and in the east.

..

From the month of February 1876 can we date the history of the wonders worked by God in order to kindle the faithful with zeal for the devotion of the Rosary and to make known not only in Italy but all over the world as well the sweet name of our Lady of Pompeii.

Indeed, at the very first moment, many miraculous cures bore witness to Mary's special protection over her

new sanctuary. In Rome, a young lady, named Maria Galisi, who was bedridden in the hospital of S. Michele a Ripa, after invoking the Madonna of Pompeii and reciting the rosary, sprang from her bed, sound and hale, and ran through the hall and down the stairs proclaiming the miracle. This fact was certified to by the cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi.

In Siena, the first promoter of the new devotion still lives through a miracle of the Madonna, and the room where the Blessed Virgin wrought this marvel, is now changed into a neat chapel in honour of our Lady of the holy Rosary.

The illustrious archbishop of Brindisi, Dr. Aquilar, solemnly proclaimed a singular favour which he got after

praying at the feet of the miraculous Madonna.

In Naples, two members of the Italian parliament, count Marco Rocco and commander Michele Capozzi, courageously published in an official document two special graces conferred on them by the Queen of the Rosary.

The detailed account of those wonderful events, as well as the daily graces granted by Mary to her clients are recorded in the periodical *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei*. The devotion to our Lady of Pompeii roused great enthusiasm in Italy and soon spread in all the countries of Europe. Strange to say, the first offering for the Sanctuary that was sent from foreign lands, came from protestant England.



Like « *the voice of the apostles preaching peace,* » the new devotion spread from the west to the shores of the east.

Africa felt the power of our Lady of the Rosary, and now with solemn testimonies proclaims her mercies and benevolences; the poor negroes of the dark continent know and love the « *fair Neapolitan Maid* », as they style the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the schools of Tunis, 300 boys and girls wear on their breasts the medal of the Virgin of Pompeii.

We witnessed with our own eyes, in Egypt, the clients of the Lady of Pompeii devoutly kneeling before her image in a catholic church. While

paying a visit to the barracks of the British regiment stationed at Alexandria, we there saw a large picture of the Queen of the Rosary exposed in a small chapel in which the catholic soldiers spontaneously gather together every evening to say their beads.

The name of the great Lady of Pompeii is already known and publicly invoked in many a town of East India.

In Bengal, Deccan, Chutia Nagpoor, on both the Coromandel and the Malabar coasts, in Burma, Ceylon, Aden, Goa, Pondichery and several other places, both the Eurasians and the native catholics piously wear the medal of the Madonna, recite her rosary, keep at home her miraculous picture and make the *Novena of impetration* in their own languages. As soon as they



hear the sweet name of the Lady of Pompeii or behold her motherly face, the Indians take a liking to her; in return, the heavenly Queen loves her children of India and wants them to be dubbed knights of her Rosary.

..

While Mary was thus encouraging the faithful of the whole world to build a temple in her honour opposite the ancient town of Pompeii, Leo XIII stimulated christendom to the practice of saying the beads. In order to show how deeply he was touched by the pious movement which attracted such a multitude of pilgrims to Pompeii, he enriched the Sanctuary with many indulgences and important privileges. By a brief of March 13th, 1894, the

Sovereign Pontiff took the holy place under his high and immediate patronage and raised the church of Valle di Pompei to the rank of *Apostolic church*, so that it is no longer within the jurisdiction of any bishop. A member of the Sacred College of cardinals, has now been appointed vicar of the *Apostolic church of the Rosary* in the room of the Pope, who himself wishes to be the parish priest of Pompeii.

By a delicate act of kindness Leo XIII himself was pleased to read out and hand over the Brief to Sir Longo in a private audience. This pontifical document tells a good deal indeed of the Pope's devotion to the rosary and of his predilection for the sanctuary of Valle di Pompei. Moreover, the Sovereign Pontiff has taken the vow to

visit the miraculous shrine as soon as Rome is set free from its ungodly foes

Wonderful are the works of charity and civil progress which, as so many rays from the sun, emanate from the shrine of the Italian Madonna.

In the first place, there is an infant school for both sexes, a workroom for girls, a preparatory school of arts and trades, a school of typography and book-binding, etc. From the Pompeian printing office come forth both the sanctuary's own newspaper « *Valle di Pompei* » and the monthly magazine « *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei* » This periodical, which has been thrice blessed by H. H. the Pope, counts over a hundred thousand subscribers.

On the west side of the temple there stands a *female orphan house* that gathers together 150 poor forsaken girls.

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The electric light illuminates all the offices and workshops, the sanctuary, the square and streets of Valle di Pompei; a powerful dynamo-electric machine transmits force and motion to the printing presses and to the monumental organ in the temple.

Sir Bartolo Longo built near the church a volcanological observatory, constructed on the latest scientific principles, in order to register day by day all the phenomena of Vesuvius.

The most wonderful institution started by the lawyer Bartolo Longo, is the « *Ospizio dei figli dei carcerati* », an

asylum for the sons of convicts. This institution, the first of the kind in the world, has met with the approval of all the distinguished philanthropists in Europe, and is encouraged by laymen and priests, by bishops and cardinals, nay, by the ministers of king Humbert. The queen of Italy herself, when visiting the Sanctuary of Pompeii, lavished her best encouragements and praises on Sir Bartolo Longo's new scheme.

This work, though entirely inspired by religion, is but of a civil and educational character: it has proved a success on the whole.

Alter hardly three years, there are already 90 sons of convicts, gathered in the *Ospizio* from all parts of Europe. The visitors have much pleasure



in seeing their squads walking down the *Via sacra* in the direction of the workshops and printing office: they looked very neat indeed in their blue blouses edged with white and the Neapolitan cap on their heads. On beholding their rosy cheeks, their clear, straightforward looks, their gentle smile and pleasing demeanour, one would never fancy they are sons of convicts, but rather boys of a good pattern boarding school. What would have become of them, had they remained at home,—we should say in the streets,—without any means of education at all, doomed to everybody's contempt, and premature victims of wickedness and vice! All are lads of good will, sharp at work, ever cheerful and only too happy to please any one.



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This asylum, the orphan house and other works of civil progress are, in truth, a living monument of glory to our Lady, and the sanctuary of the miraculous Madonna is destined to become the centre of a new city, *Nuova Pompei*, the city of the holy Rosary.

The asylums of Pompeii constitute, as it were, the court of the Queen of the most Holy Rosary, and from dawn to sunset, these chosen courtiers of the Madonna raise their voices in rotation to sing the praises of Mary; while at night they all gather in the basilica both to recite the rosary and prayers of the *Novena of impetration* for the intentions daily commended by supplicants from all parts of the world, and to call Mary's blessing on their benefactors.

The *Confraternity of the holy Rosary* was solemnly erected at Valle di Pompei, in February 1876, and enriched both with all the indulgences of the Dominican Order and other special privileges. During the space of the last twenty years, over 2,500,000 persons, anxious to secure for themselves so many precious advantages, have joined the pious association. This admits in the bonds of charity men and women of all classes of society and of all countries of the world. About 10,000 catholics of East-India have already enlisted their names in the pious army. Every associate to the Pompeian sanctuary shares in the

application of *seven masses* said at Pompeii on the feast of the Rosary, of another mass on the first Sunday of each month, and of three masses said in November for the repose of the dead, and besides that, to all the rosaries and prayers which the 150 orphan girls and 90 boys of our Lady's *Home* recite every day for their benefactors.

In the sanctuary of Pompeii fifteen lamps burn day and night before the miraculous shrine, as an emblem of the faith of all those who are familiar with the recital of the beads and as a perpetual memorial of the fifteen mysteries that compose the « Mary's Psalter ». Generous clients of the Queen of the Rosary vie with each other in maintaining at their own expense one

of those lamps either for a whole year or for a month.

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Within the shadow of the sanctuary, the lawyer Longo has planted the blooming rose-garden of the Virgin of Pompeii, which is to yield throughout the year fresh roses with which to adorn the throne of Mary. The rose-trees of this parterre have been sent by all the cities of Italy and many foreign ones, and each plant bears a label with the indication of the place whence it came. The flowers are gathered in May and blessed on the altar of the Madonna only once a year, on the day of Pentecost. The *foglie di rose* are used in case of sickness: the patient must swallow up a petal while



invoking with great confidence the protection of the miraculous Madonna. It has very often happened that sick persons have recovered their health at the touch of a blest flower of the Pompeian garden of roses.

The same virtue is attached to the blest *cartine*, small slips of thin tissue paper on which is written this invocation: *Regina sacratissimi Rosarii, ora pro nobis*. Thousand of graces have been obtained by this means, among which the wonderful and instantaneous cure of Montella.



Luisa, Signor Sabatino's wife, was prostrated by a severe fit of cerebral apoplexy and left quite senseless. The

physician having declared the case as desperate, the relatives of the patient turned all their hopes to the Madonna of Pompeii. A pious friend of the family advised Luisa to swallow a *cartina*, and soon after wired to Pompeii to request the prayers of the orphan girls for the dying lady. Three hours later, — just the time necessary for a telegram to arrive at Bartolo Longo's and have its effect with the orphans, — Luisa, all of a sudden, rose from her bed and cried out: «The Virgin of Pompeii has just granted me the grace...! I am perfectly cured!» The periodical «*Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei*» has given all the particulars of that striking miracle and reproduced in full the attestations of the physicians and the testimonies of the witnesses.

Moreover, the petals of roses and the *cartine* are but second to the *Novena of impetration* as a means whereby to obtain graces. The lawyer Longo thus tells us the origin of this world-known formula of prayer.

« For seven years I had been endeavouring to spread the devotion of the Rosary among the poor peasants of Pompeii, when I was prostrated by a serious illness. This happened in July 1879. As soon as I became aware of this dangerous state of mine, I conceived an ardent desire to give our Lady a last proof of my love by writing a « *Novena to the Virgin of Pompeii to obtain graces in the most desperate cases.* » Almost every after-

noon, though thoroughly exhausted by a frightful typhoid fever, I went out to pray before the miraculous picture and there alone, amidst sobs and tears, I used to read aloud one of the five prayers which I had just written and to correct it, so to say, with the help and approval of Mary.

« On the feast of the Assumption 1879, I could not possibly attend the crowning of the miraculous Madonna, as I had a more serious relapse. At Valle di Pompei, everybody was entreating Mary for the preservation of my life; but there was not the slightest glimpse of hope any longer. As a last resource and by a quite special favour, the miraculous picture of our Lady was brought from the chapel into my bed-room. Many a time I heard my

friends saying to each other: « We shall believe in the great power of the Madonna of Pompeii, if Don Bartolo recovers at all. »

« I then felt confident to pray to saint Catherine of Siena and candidly told her: « O my dear Saint, I have  
« written in the *Fifteen Saturdays*,  
« thou now complainest that but a few  
« ask favours of thee as if the power  
« thou hadst when on earth were less  
« great since thou art in heaven. Now,  
« how shall my readers believe those  
« words of thine, if I, who have written them down, do not get the favour I am asking for. And how shall  
« men believe the miracles of our Lady  
« of the Rosary of Pompeii, if she bids  
« me die, who have first published  
« them. »



Mary heard my prayer. At midnight I awoke, quite strong and perfectly cured...



Our Lady has blessed the work of the converted spiritualist, and daily grants wonderful graces to those who make the *Novena of impetration*. This beautiful prayer has been approved by the sacred Congregation of rites and H. H. Leo XIII has granted a 300 days' indulgence on each day to the faithful who recite the five prayers composing the *Novena*, and a plenary indulgence to those who receive the sacraments in the course or at the conclusion of the novena.

The prayer has been translated into about fifteen languages; the Italian



text has already got through 206 editions of 20,000 copies each.

Not to deprive this excellent formula of prayer of its rich indulgences, we have translated it into English, word for word, and we publish here the very text revised and approved by the apostolic censor.

Our merciful Mother has several times deigned to bless this prayer, and in many circumstances, specially in an apparition at Lacedonia, on July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1888, showed her pleasure in being invoked and honoured by means of the *Novena*; still more, the Madonna of Pompeii appeared in March 1884, in commander Agrelli's palace, at Naples, and clearly revealed the

way in which she wants to be entreated: « *Whenever thou wishest to obtain favours from me* », said Mary to lady Fortunatina Agrelli, « *make the Novena of impetration once, twice, nay, three times, and at the same time recite my Rosary; if the grace be granted to thee, make likewise three Novenas of thanksgiving* ». Sir Agrelli's daughter accordingly made three novenas in succession and was miraculously cured.

« Since the periodical « *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei* » published this extraordinary fact, very many people have experienced the reality of the revelation and obtained numberless graces by means of the *Novena*: the attestations recorded in the Pompeian magazine show ample proofs thereof.

Several pious persons therefore asked the lawyer Longo to write also a formula of prayer to be said, according to our Lady's express desire, immediately after obtaining any grace. The *Novena of thanksgiving* was written accordingly.

Leo XIII, by his rescript of 29<sup>th</sup> April 1892, has granted to the *Novena of thanksgiving* a 300 days' indulgence on each day to the faithful who recite the five prayers composing the *Novena* and a plenary indulgence in the course or at the conclusion of the novena to those who receive the sacraments.

During the novena, *if possible*, you should say every day your beads, for, our Lady promised to saint Dominic that she will bestow a special favour

on all those who recite her entire rosary. You need not say the whole rosary at once: the fifteen decades may be recited at different times, either at home or out of doors, in bed or at work, all at your own good pleasure; but it is essential to meditate on the mysteries while saying the beads.

Among so many miracles wrought through the mediation of the great Lady of Pompeii and by means of the *Novena of impetration* we here make choice to-day of some striking favours.

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## MIRACLE AT ARPINO

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Domenico Macioce owns the inn « *Albergo della Pace* » at Arpino. It is of the wonderful cure of his eldest daughter Anna that we are about to speak. Anna is a tall, strong, handsome young lady of twenty-five years of age. Formerly Anna's left hand used to swell from time to time, but the physician succeeded in curing this. In November 1893, however, the swelling reappeared accompanied with painful spasms; after the application of leeches, it vanished away; but another phenomenon then took place. The young lady lost all sensibility in her left leg:



there was no pain whatever therein, only she could not move or bend her leg which was just as an inert log.

Anna, now unable to stand upright, had to lay down in bed: she lived in that posture for two months. The clever doctor Moses Miccinel of Arpino was called in: he declared the case to be a paralysis that needed a long medical treatment.

On Christmas day, Anna asked to be lifted up from her bed and carried to the table, to enjoy the merry dinner of Yule with the whole family.

The physician tried one after another all the resources of his art, but all proved vain and useless. Not a glimpse of improvement was visible. Carolina Rotondi, the sister of Anna's godmother, hardly left the room of her sick



friend during the course of the illness. Like a comforter and an angel, day and night she attended Anna, eagerly ministering to her slightest wishes. To stem the inroads of the malady, Doctor Miccinel proposed to apply a course of electricity as a last experiment. He did it himself but once, for the bashful lady objected to the operation. Carolina was then asked to apply the currents of electricity, but timid and awkward as she was, she often worked in the wrong way. Nay, one morning her inability caused so sharp a pain to the poor patient that they had to call in the physician in a hurry. It thus happened that the medical treatment was scarcely and badly carried on, and, of course, without effect.

Whenever Anna was taken out of

her bed, she felt also in her left side an excessive weakness, and never could she stand or walk even hopping on her right foot. Her back looked as if broken and her whole body became crooked and deformed.

The members of Domenico Macioce's family were all associates to the Sanctuary of Pompeii. The previous year, Anna and her friend Carolina had made a pilgrimage to the miraculous shrine, and had brought back home many souvenirs. A picture of the Madonna was hanging on the wall by the bedstead. Carolina was wont to say her daily beads asking the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii to grant her friend the grace of standing upright.

Every time her sister went out to visit the picture of the great Lady of

Pompeii exposed in a church of Arpino, Anna, used to say:

— « Ask the Madonna to make me stand upright. »

Luisa, the youngest sister, hardly three years old, felt also a great weakness in her legs so that she could not walk alone. The smart little girl, on coming back from church, always ran straightway to Anna's room to wheedle her sister and candidly repeated her, lisping, these words:

— « I have just begged of the Madonna that she may be pleased to make Nannella upright and to take off the pain from my legs. »

Anna certainly had a devotion to the Virgin of Pompeii, yet she never recited the *Novena of impetration*, nor did she ever read the periodical

which monthly records so many wonders and graces. Haggard with suffering, she once put the doctor this question:

— « Tell me, at last, may I have any hope to get cured, or shall I always remain thus crooked and bent in? »

— « Little by little, my child », answered the wise physician, shrugging his shoulders, « in better days, later in the hot season, you might get all right by means of thermomineral baths: for the present, you need but patience and resignation. »

In the meanwhile March had begun. On Friday the 2nd, Anna had suffered much more than on any other day. In the night about 2-30 a. m., Anna saw, as in a dream, a nun like the one who kneels at the left side of the

great Lady of Pompeii on the picture, that is saint Catherine of Siena. The nun drew near the bed of the patient and began coaxing and comforting her and said:

— « *Thou shalt walk upright.* »

On these words, Anna awoke amidst feelings of fear and hope. She immediately called out for her dear infirmarian:

— « Carolina, » said she, « I dreamt of a nun like the one who kneels at the side of the Madonna of Pompeii: she told me that I should walk upright. »

— « Didn't she tell you anything else? » asked Carolina.

— « Yes, many more things, but this I remember well. »

Anna was in an awful state of agitation; she wished the prediction to



be true, yet she feared it might be an illusion and a mere dream.

— « If I rise and cannot stand upright », thought she within herself, « what will become of me? I will grieve and suffer more than ever ».

Two hours passed in that anguish and sleeplessness.

At 4-30 a. m., she fell asleep again, and behold it seemed to her as if she was in a church at the foot of the altar of our Lady of Pompeii, kneeling down in sobs and tears. All of a sudden, she felt the touch of a hand on her left shoulder, and looking back, she recognized the self same Dominican nun whom she had seen two hours before in a vision.

— « *Courage, courage!* » said saint Catherine, « *no sickness ever turns*



to evil. Let us recite the *Novena to the Blessed Virgin* ».

And taking a booklet, the nun began reading:

« O Immaculate Virgin and Queen of the holy Rosary, in these days of dying faith and triumphant impiety, thou hast deigned to set thy throne of Queen and Mother on the ancient land of Pompeii, of yore the abode of heathens. . . . »

Anna was following word by word the prayers read out by saint Catherine. When they came to those very words: « Thou didst once promise to saint Dominic that whosoever wants graces will obtain them through thy rosary; behold I, with thy rosary in hand, call upon thee, O Mother, for the fulfilment of thy maternal

*promises*, » then the Saint stopped and said to Anna:

— « *Repeat twice those words* ».

Anna obeyed.

After reciting the five prayers likewise, the holy nun said:

— « *Stand upright! Thou art perfectly cured . . .* »

And immediately she added in a sweet voice:

— « *Wilt not thou come to Pompeii?* »

— « *Why not?* » answered the astounded girl.

— « *And when shalt thou come?* »

— » When I can, » replied she candidly, still thinking of her helpless state.

At that moment, Anna awoke...

When awake, Anna Macioce vividly

remembered all that had just happened, yet she doubted still of the reality of her vision. In her agitation, she thought:

— « If I now get up to walk, and am not cured, what shall be my sorrow! »

However she felt sure that it was not sheer illusion and dream. Stirred up by the lively hope which filled her heart, she wished to leave the bed.

« Now I rise ! » said she within herself, and getting up she timidly put her feet on the ground. O wonder ! both her legs are hale and upright as though she had never suffered any pain. Hardly does she remember whether leg was weak and unsound. Anna then puts on her slippers and starts walking about.

— « O Lord ! » cried she out, « what

has happened with me? I am not infirm any longer... I walk upright and feel an unusual strength in my limbs... Is all this true and real? »

Anna in her trouble reasons no more, but questioning the very evidence of the fact she doubts her own self. Such is man in the presence of a supernatural event: he feels small and feeble, for he realizes in some manner the infinite distance between the Almighty and the creature.

— « Perhaps the slippers prevent me from feeling the pain, » thinks Anna still wavering, and to be quite sure, she throws off her slippers and walks about barefooted. Now the miracle is palpable. The great Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii has granted the grace..... Under the impression of a

boundless joy, the young lady falls down and kisses the ground amidst abundant tears and warm feelings of gratitude towards her benefactress.

After the first effusion of her heart, she runs to the bed of Carolina still soundly asleep, shakes her up and says:

— « Dear, see, I stand upright and walk, I am cured . . . ! »

— « Is it possible? I don't believe you, » answers Carolina, and to ascertain whether her friend is all right:

— « Anna, » says she, « put on your clothes and move on. »

Anna dresses herself with the greatest ease and walks freely about the room.

Carolina convinced at this sight, bursts forth into tears of joy and calling Anna's sister who sleeps in the next room:

— « Lucia, » says she, « come and see, Anna walks upright. »

Lucia rushes in, followed by the other five children who all have heard the words: « *Anna cammina dritta!* » Picture to yourself the scene going on in the sick room . . . .

Even the little girl Luisa now shouts out from her cradle:

— « Nannella is all right! You know, Nannella, I have asked the Madonna to make you walk. »

And Carolina Rotondi immediately thought of returning thanks to our Lady and to the nun who kneels at her side on the miraculous picture:

— « Anna, » said she, « we must go to Valle di Pompei. »

— « Yes, » replied Anna, « let us start to-morrow. »



— « We will ask Sir Bartolo Longo to publish the miracle, » said Carolina, « and will bring him all the testimonies about your cure; the first we need is the written testimony of your physician. »

Doctor Moses Miccinel was called in on the spot. Suspecting another crisis, he hastened to come and went straightway into the room of his patient. Great indeed was his astonishment at seeing the bed empty and at hearing from Carolina an account of what had happened during the night. Doctor Miccinel, a honest but very wise and prudent man, first laughed at that recital and said:

— « It would be a miracle...! I told you before, to get cured, Anna needs time and patience till the end

of the treatment by thermomineral baths. »

— « But we have a miracle ! » replied the girl. On those words, Anna suddenly entered the room, walking perfectly straight and easily, looking quite sound and cheerful. The doctor was moved to the very heart and could not believe his eyes. He asked all the particulars of the marvellous event. Carolina gave him a full account of the cure and concluding :

— « Doctor, » said she, « you must write down a testimony of all this. »

— « I am ready to do so. »

— « To-morrow Anna and myself we start for Valle di Pompei. »

— « No, » said the doctor, « since a Saint has ordered you to make at home the *Novena to our Lady of*

*Pompeii*, you must first finish it at home and then go to the shrine. In the meanwhile I will get the testimony ready. »

All was done accordingly.

On Palm Sunday, 1894, the two pious pilgrims of Arpino were to be seen in the basilica of *Pompeii*, shedding abundant tears of gratitude before the miraculous picture of the Queen of the Rosary at whose feet kneels the seraphic saint Catherine of Siena. In the evening, both Anna Macioce and Carolina Rotondi put on the white scapular and were enrolled in the third order of saint Dominic, receiving respectively the religious names of Catherine of Siena and Rose of Lima.

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## THE MIRACLE OF LACEDONIA

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Lacedonia is a very ancient town, situated on the boundary line of the province of Avellino, in the circuit of St. Angelo dei Lombardi, where the extreme limits of the Basilicata and of the Capitanata touch each other. It is the seat of a bishopric and numbers ten thousand inhabitants.

At the time the fact we are about to narrate took place, the bishop, Monsignor Diamare, was absent, on account of illness. In his stead the care of the diocese had devolved on his pro-vicar general, the venerable archdeacon Leonardo Bozzone. This

name plays an important part in the working out of our narrative.

The honest and well to-do Balestrieri family reside in Lacedonia, and Michael, the head of the family, owns many horses and conveyances, being the director of the mail service.

Many years ago, Michael Balestrieri, a just and pious man, sollicitous of the spiritual as well as of the material welfare of his numerous progeny, married an excellent and devout woman, Grace Lombardi. She bore him five children, the last of which was a girl, to whom the name of Mary Antonietta was given.

The child grew up bright and sensible, jealously guarded by her tender mother, when at the age of three years she was left an orphan. Her father,



whom occupations often kept away from home, in order not to leave his children alone by themselves or to hand them over to mercenary hands, decided to take unto himself another wife. And his choice could never have fallen better than on the sister of his deceased wife, his own sister-in-law, Raffaella Lombardi, a woman of uncommon piety and of exemplary charity toward her neighbour. He felt, and not wrongly, that the aunt could continue in her nephews and nieces that home education and maternal tenderness, of which the poor children had at such an early age been deprived.

And the new mother of Antonietta fully came up to the expectations of the sensible Michael. The careful father

never allowed his daughter to visit anyone, even though it were a relative, except in his company. And the child grew in years, amid the domestic walls, like a tender flower jealously tended by the careful gardener. In this innocent and solitary school she learned a science, unknown to the world, the *simplicity* so dear to God.

In the first days of August 1887, Raffaella received a letter from Naples. On opening it she discovered a small picture of the Madonna, bearing the legend: *The Blessed Virgin of the Rosary of Pompeii*. She looked at the signature: — *Angelina Bruni, née Garzoni*, — and recognized the name of her old friend who for sixteen years had never written to her.

— What is the meaning of this?

thought Mrs Lombardi to herself. How comes it that Angelina remembers me now, and what means this Madonna of Pompeii?

With aroused curiosity she hastily perused the letter:

*My dear Raffaella,*

You are surprised at my writing you after so long a time: I want you to know that at Pompeii they are building a temple to the Virgin of the Rosary, and the Madonna bestows many favors on such persons as ascribe themselves to this church and the confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary. I am already a *zealator* of this Sanctuary, named by the countess de Fusco; and I want you to get your name registered and find other

associates at Lacedonia. Not knowing your exact address, and fearing that this letter may not reach you, I entrust it to the Madonna; therefore I enclose the picture of the miraculous Virgin of Pompeii. I also send you the « History of the wonders and the Novenas, so that you may spread the devotion ».

Your old friend

*Angelina Bruni Garzoni*

Naples, August 4<sup>th</sup> 1887.

The pious Raffaella immediately became not only a simple associate, but a fervent zealator, and was the first person at Lacedonia to spread devotion to the Virgin of Pompei.

As was most natural, among the

first to inscribe themselves was her step-daughter Antonietta.

In November 1887, Antonietta Balestrieri completed her seventeenth year. Tall, with black eyes, of delicate build, she bore on her features the expression of intelligence not disjoined from a certain childlike frankness and simplicity.

The Easter of the year 1888 fell on the first of April. This time the Paschal festivities, that bring with them so much brightness and joy for children and maidens, were for Antonietta the beginning of days of suffering and pain. On Easter day she was attacked by pneumonia.

The customary remedies were given



her, but in vain: the malady grew. An obstinate fever and a cough, that made her expectorate blood, led people to believe her a consumptive.

After a month and a half of continuous fever, it was decided to send the invalid into the country to breathe purer air. To reach the cottage it was necessary to place her on a donkey, and two persons had to support her by each side.

During the first four days the free, open air of the country produced an immediate change for the better, which aroused new hopes; but then the fevers returned with redoubled intensity, accompanied moreover by inflammatory pains in the joints, and these caused one of the girl's limbs to be drawn up.

Francesco Diaferia, the family doctor, and a resident of Lacedonia, called to visit her, ordered her return to town: but she was no longer able to mount the donkey, and hence it was necessary to carry her in an arm-chair down to the new road, where she was placed in a carriage and taken home.

Once there her whole body was attacked by pains in the joints, diagnosed by the doctor as general inflammatory rheumatism, and not a hand could touch her without causing her the most intense suffering. Her whole physique had undergone a complete change after that dreadful malady.

Antonietta was then obliged to completely abandon her chair and to keep

in bed, where she was unable to move; so that in order to change her position from time to time and to make up the bed at least every eight days, she had to depend on the arms of others. At last she completely lost every power of motion, and became paralytic and deformed.

The pain in her spine obliged her to remain bent over on her stomach, without being able to seat, while both her limbs, shot through with pain, were drawn up.

Her arms, always pressed to her bosom, no longer opened; and her fists, closed by reason of the continual suffering, were so tightly clenched that the fingernails gradually cut into the palms, making deep incisions.

She was a pitiful sight to behold.

Her contracted arms rested on her contracted knees, and her spasmodically clenched fists touched her chin.

Beside the cuts in her hands, she had three sores produced by the vesicants which had in the beginning been applied to the shoulders; two of these, one on the nape of the neck and one on the middle of her back finally healed; but the third sore farther down was always rebellious to all balsams and lotions and so remained opened and bleeding.

If the poor girl was tortured by her paralysed members, what she suffered in her stomach and bowels was incredible. It seemed, as she said, as though she had in her stomach a burning fire that consumed both it and her bowels. All food was repellant to her, and no

sooner did she swallow a morsel than she immediately threw it up. In order to keep her alive it was necessary to put a teaspoon of water to her lips, or some beaten yellow of egg or some shred of meat, which nourishment in four months' illness did not make up the weight of eight pounds.

In that poor body, which appeared to be an instrument of torture, the head gave the crowning touch. A facial paralysis had so contracted the right cheek that she could not eat. Her mouth and right cheek were drawn down, her right eye had become smaller and was so sunken as to be repellant to look on. Moreover she could not see. Light of any kind irritated her, so that in the evening she preferred to remain in the dark.



She also had a little sore in her throat, and her esophagus was so contracted as to hinder her swallowing any solid or liquid food.

Doctor Francis Diaferia had done all that lay in his power for her. As the family physician, he continued to visit her three times a day, but he no longer prescribed any remedies, having long before declared Antonietta's case incurable, and having remarked that *« giving medicines to her was the same as giving them to a corpse »*.

..

Antonietta Balestrieri had an uncle, Ferdinand Lombardi, her mother's brother, who resided at St. Angelo dei Lombardi, as doctor of the military hospital of that city.

He was invited to hold a medical consultation with the attending physician, Sig. Diaferia; he came in, but neither of them gave any hope. Such was the sorrowful impression his niece's sad state made on him, that he had not the heart to see her again, and wrote to her father the following letter:

St. Angelo, 27<sup>th</sup> July 1888.

« *Dearest brother-in-law,*

« The decline in Antonietta truly pains me. I should have come to see her again, had my heart been strong enough to stand the sight of her sufferings. Science unfortunately can do little or nothing; this is why I am downcast. Let us hope in Providence.

« Meanwhile do not be too down-

hearted and remember you have other children. Kiss Antonietta and my other nephews for me. I kiss you together with Raffaella.

*Your loving Ferdinand.*

For three days the tyranny of business kept Michael absent from that deathbed, obliging him to stay at Avellino; and there he received a telegram from Lacedonia, that struck him to the very heart. It was sent by the family doctor and read:

*« If you wish to see your daughter alive, come immediatly: death near, paralysis of the heart ».*

*Francis Diafera.*

And poor Michael travelled all night, hoping to find his daughter alive. He

found her alive, but alas! in such a state as not to recognize her own father.

It is needless to say that during all this time the loving step-mother, as a fervent client of the Madonna of Pompeii, never ceased to invoke the aid and help of Her who is the Mother of mercy. The entire family, with Michael at its lead, constantly recited the chaplet and the Novena to the Virgin of Pompeii. Raffaella never lost hope: indeed on the 10<sup>th</sup> July she wrote the following letter to Valle di Pompei.

*To the director of Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei.*

*Dear Sir,*

An associate, who is my niece, An-

tonietta Balestrieri, has been lying grievously ill *for four months with rheumatic pains* in her spine. I beg of you to have a Novena recited to the Most Blessed Virgin for the recovery of this poor girl. If the Madonna hears our prayers, I will send some offering.

Lacedonia, 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1888.

The zealator  
*Raffaella Balestrieri*  
*née Lombardi.*

∴

We answered that prayers would be offered immediately. And the *Novena of impetration* was recited in the Sanctuary by the orphan girls just at

the same hour when it was being said at Lacedonia.

∴

Nevertheless the disease made dreadful strides, and all hope was given up. Doctor Francis Diaferia ordered that the last sacraments should be given to the patient and added:

— She will die of paralysis of the heart when we least expect it for lack of food and nourishment.

And so as not to alarm the girl with the prospect of her imminent death, one of her relatives had recourse to a little stratagem by saying: « The countess has written from Pompeii that, if we desire this special grace, all of us of the family must *confess and partake of holy Communion*;



and therefore Antonietta too must do the same.

And the good girl consented.

The Pro-Vicar of the diocese, the venerable archdeacon D. Leonard Bozzone, was called to hear the last confession of the dying maid.

And on the following morning, Saturday, the 21<sup>st</sup> July, toward five o'clock she received the Holy Viaticum at the hands of the Rev. Father Nicolaus Balestrieri.

After receiving Holy Communion the step-mother placed one *cartina* in some water and gave it to the patient to drink.

— *Lady of Pompeii*, she exclaimed with great faith, *I leave it to you either to heal her or to take her immediately into paradise.*

And she sent the following telegram:

« Lawyer Bartolo Longo

Valle di Pompei.

Have the orphans pray. My niece Antonietta is dying ».

RAFFAELA BALESTRIERI LOMBARDI

Yet nothing new transpired : her agony drew itself out in the midst of unbearable torments.

They watched her by day and by night, as is customary with the dying. And thus eight long days passed.

During the week Antonietta, whose paralysed eye hindered her from reading and who could bear no light, had committed the *Novena* to memory,

and this Novena to the Virgin of Pompeii she repeated to herself frequently; and not being able, because of her contracted hands, to hold her chaplet, she recited the rosary in her heart, repeating with faith these words: —  
*Oh! my dear Lady, grant me the favor either to recover or to die.*

Another Saturday came, the twenty eighth of July.

In many churches and chapels of Italy and of foreign lands, the Rosary of Mary was being honored with the celebration of the *Fifteen Saturdays*, in preparation of her great feast in October. On that special Saturday the servants of the heavenly Queen were unanimously commemorating the fifth joyful mystery, the finding of Jesus in the temple. Antonietta Balestrieri

showed unmistakable signs of the last moment. Her throat was so closed with extreme contraction that not even a drop of water could find a way. Her father made vain attempts to drop a little water into her mouth with a spoon; but the teeth were tightly clenched, and each drop, slipping along the lips, fell from the opposite side on the pillow, without even moistening her tongue.

A livid pallor overspread her features; her sunken eyes appeared to be of glass. The patient hardly uttered a word.

From time to time the door would open; friends, neighbours, relatives, would enter silently, and, unable to refrain from weeping, would inquire whether she was still alive.

That same evening, unable to ever remain in the same posture, the patient sufferer was taken up in the arms of her step-mother, Raffaella Lombardi, and of good Mariantonia Potito, and placed at the lower end of the bed.

As usual the sore between the shoulders, which constant purulence had widened, was tenderly medicated.

With gentle care her aunt, Raffaella, and a friend of the family, bathed the painful sore with oil of sweet almonds, and then applied linen ravellings to absorb the matter. They had also tried several times, aided by the attending physician, Doctor Diaferia, to draw out the nails which had penetrated into the palms of both hands, by forcing an opening of the fingers;

but the suffering this caused the patient so exhausted her that they desisted.

— Only a few more hours, the doctor had said, and she will be dead...

..

All the friends had taken leave. Night had come on. Little by little solitude had entered the house.

Raffaella, kneeling before the image of the Virgin of Pompeii, was praying; Antonietta, tired of life, worried by the presence of the living, could not hear even a whisper or the slightest noise: she gave those around her to understand that she wished no one in her room that night to watch her, as she felt an interne longing to be alone.



— What does it matter it, thought the poor girl, if they do find me dead to-morrow?

Only her little sister, Grace, remained, but was soon overcome by sleep.

Deep silence reigned, interrupted only by the heavy breathing of the patient.

Eleven o'clock rang out on the night air. Michael and Raffaella more to satisfy Antonietta than from any desire to rest, also left the room of their beloved daughter.

Antonietta's room was plunged in darkness. Sleep no longer came to give rest to the wearied eyes. Alone, about to present herself before the tribunal of God, the poor girl turned with her heart to the heavenly Mother, to the

Virgin of Pompeii, *Help of the dying*; and with deep faith, as though for the last time, she began to recite the *Novena*.

Hardly has she begun the first lines: « *Oh! immaculate Virgin and Queen of the holy Rosary,* » just while uttering the words « *Have mercy on me who am in such a need of thy help. Show thyself to me also...* », that her dimmed eyes are struck by a brilliant light, proceeding from the door to the right of her bed.

Astonished, trembling, she ceases to pray, and beholds amidst that splendor the Mother of God, the Virgin of Pompeii, approaching her bed.

The effulgence of the light surrounding Mary, vivid though it was, far from hurting the veiled eyes of the dying

girl, seemed to refresh and restore them.

The vision had nothing aerial or indefinite about it, but was a real and living person, clothed with a human body like our own, different only in that it was marvellously luminous and beautiful. Her vestments were as white as snow, and a blue mantle covered her: on her head was a crown of white roses; her hands were joined as though in prayer, and on her right side hung the rosary.

Then with a voice of such sweetness as can be compared to nothing earthly, she addressed these loving words to the patient:

— Antonietta, do you wish to come to Pompeii?

— My Lady, how can I do so, when

I am thus paralysed and cannot even turn myself?

— Arise, you are well.

— But how am I well when I cannot move?

At these words, the Blessed Virgin placed her fair right hand on the girl's stomach, and her left hand on her back, on the spot where the sores were: and with untold bounty she raised the patient and seated her on the bed. Then she added:

— Behold, you are healed.

— My Lady, I would rather die than remain deformed.

— No, you must not die: you must live to spread my greatness throughout Lacedonia. To-morrow you will arise and go to church: you will confess and communicate, and then you will

come to visit me at Pompeii. Before entering my Sanctuary take off your shoes, and approach my altar on your knees. Whatever favor you desire, always have recourse to me, who am your mother.....

The Madonna vanished, and Antonietta was again left in the dark, but in her soul she felt a great consolation: and she was seated on her bed in the posture in which the Virgin had placed her. She wished to experiment whether really she was healed: marvel of marvels! she immediately distended her arms, and her hands opened freely of their own accord.

This done, she jumped from the bed to see whether she could walk; and she walked alone. The pains in her back, the contraction of the limbs, the

ulcerations of the mouth, the spasms in her stomach, the gastric enteritic catarrh, the paralysis of the face and eye, the contraction of all her members, all had disappeared in an instant.

Amazed, wild with joy, at such an unexpected miracle, her first thought was to call her father. But she was stopped by the childish fancy that her parents, seeing her at such an hour, would take her to be the ghost of Antonietta, and be thus frightened. So she returned to bed and waited for someone to come; but for the joy she felt she could not sleep.

Three o'clock struck, and Michael, still trembling for fear of a catastro-



phe, carefully approached his child's room, striving to make no noise, and cautiously asked:

— Antonietta, how are you?

— I feel perfectly well! his daughter answered with a strong and sonorous voice. The Madonna of Pompeii has come..... she said to me: « *Arise, you are well.* »... Dear father, I wish to go to Pompeii to-day.

— She is delirious! exclaimed the father, bursting into tears. It is the delirium of death!

And thus weeping he returned to his wife, saying:

— Go to see Antonietta, who is delirious and pretends that the Virgin has healed her.

Raffaella, who had never lost her faith in Mary, is thoroughly aroused

by these words, and half hoping her prayers have been granted, half fearing an inevitable death, she tells her husband:

— Go, return to her; look and see whether she opens her hands, whether she moves her arms and limbs; if so, it will be a sign that I have been heard by God, for I prayed so hard.

The poor father returned to his daughter's room.

— My child, you want to go to Pompeii? Show me that you can extend your arms and limbs, and then I shall take you to Pompeii.

— Behold, papa, I am well.

And immediately she opened her hands, extended her arms, moved her limbs and raised herself on the bed as if she had never been ill.

With a transport of joy not unmingled with a certain shudder of terror, Michael beheld her daughter, whom he had wept for dead, restored to health. It seemed to him as though he were a witness to the resurrection of a dead person touched by an omnipotent hand. Every contraction, all paralysis had vanished; the skin had resumed its natural aspect; her soft brown eyes, till then hollow and dim, shine with sweet serenity, and her whole person throbs with a new and perfect life.

The miracle was evident. The inner germ of the disease had fled from that body so long tormented by its ravages.

Michael shaken by the suddenness of the wonder, could not believe what his own eyes saw. The idea of seeing

so many ills dissappear all at once made him tremble with fear.

But there the evidence lay before him. He feels his blood rush to his head, and sinks swooning on the floor. When he arises, trembling and beside himself, he hastens to his wife's room, exclaiming:

— Come to see: Antonietta is completely cured.

At this news Raffaella rushes out to see her beloved niece, but on reaching the room, her surprise was such that she nearly fainted.

During the brief absence of her father, Antonietta, impatient of a longer stay, had risen from bed, and had gone into the adjoining room to take her clothes, which had been put aside long ago.

She dressed herself without the aid of anyone. This was the most convincing proof that Antonietta had instantaneously recovered her primitive strength.

In the impetus of her fondness and affection, amidst a flood of tears, Raffaella, kissed the child to whom she had shown herself more than a mother over and over again.

Michael, beside himself, leaves the house and goes out telling everybody he meets, what has happened. He runs to the house of his brother-in-law, Saverio Pescatore, who, on hearing Michael's voice and deeming he was the bearer of a sad news, exclaimed in sorrow:

— Alas! I expected this. I have already provided the bier; and it stands

ready in the chapel of the Congregation of St. Philip; only the four angels at the corners are missing.

— But get away with your bier! exclaimed Michael, Antonietta is alive and well... The Virgin of Pompeii has appeared to her and healed her. Come and see...

The report soon spread like wild fire through the town, and despite the early hour, the house of the Balestrieri was at once crowded with people. Those who had seen the sufferer during the period of her illness were overcome by the greatest emotion.

At last the chiming of the bells hailed the dawn of Sunday. The morning



*Angelus* was to announce to the people of Lacedonia and hence to hundred others the great mercy of the Virgin of Pompeii, who is « *light amidst darkness, and life and resurrection of the dead* ».

By six o'clock Antonietta leaves her home, accompanied by her inseparable friend Raffaella Zichella, and directs her steps towards the Duomo, there to confess, according what she had been told by the Virgin. But at that time her confessor, pro-vicar Bozzone, the same who had confessed her previous to her receiving the Viaticum, was celebrating Mass.

Her father, fearing that a long wait might induce a swoon, as Antonietta had not partaken of any food for so long a time, led her away from there

and, always on foot, went to the chapel of the congregation of St. Philip Neri.

On entering the chapel, the risen maid beheld the bier prepared for her! She made her confession to the Rev. Father John Balestrieri. And as at that hour a high mass was to be sung, Antonietta not only remained throughout the service, but kept there on her knees, till ten o'clock, enduring in prayers of thanksgiving.

The report of so extraordinary an event had immediately spread throughout the town: the church was in a short time crowded to overflowing, so that all witnessed with their own eyes the signal triumph of the Virgin of Pompeii.

At the Communion, the celebrant, who was the same Rev. John Bale-

strieri, turned to the people and with a voice interrupted by tears and sobs, related the wonderful event and pointed out the girl, who, prostrate at the feet of the Altar like a new Lazarus, had risen from death tho life.

« You behold before you, said he, this maid who last evening was dead, and who to-day is alive and well by a signal miracle *of the Virgin of Pompeii*. The echo of the wonders the Virgin performs in her blessed Valley of Pompeii had already reached our ears, but as yet none of us had witnessed a miracle. To-day this miracle is a living one and is in our midst. Look at this young girl. You all know that Antonietta Balestrieri, who for four months lay on a bed of pain and had

reached the term of her mortal life. The Virgin of Pompeii has appeared at Lacedonia, in order that once for all you, inhabitants of this town, should turn your hearts and lives to God ».

Tears and sobs were heard in response throughout the church. And many were converted and partook of the Sacraments of which they had been for so long a time oblivious.

As mass ended, many ladies and gentlemen approached Antonietta, some to kiss her, some to shake her hand; and she, trembling and confused, returned home, accompanied by a crowd of relatives and friends who all rejoiced with her over her good fortune.

All that day and the next day again there was a constant coming and going

of people from Balestrieri's house to the sanctuary of the Lord. And all went away strengthened in their faith and shedding tears of piety and compunction.

And thus the words of the Virgin were verified: « *You must live to publish my greatness throughout Lacedonia.*

That very morning, all the members of the household were witnesses to the perfect recovery of her stomach, as she sat down at table with them and took all the food placed before her as though her digestive organs had never been troubled.

Michael declared that on that day and on many following days, on entering the room which the Queen of



heaven had deigned to honor with her presence, he perceived a most fragrant odor impossible to describe.

It was Antonietta's desire to leave on the very same day for Pompeii in accordance with the Virgin's injunction. But her father objected on account of several pressing obligations he could not forego. She therefore secretly made a vow to come fasting to the Sanctuary of Pompeii and there to partake of the bread of angels.

There were on that Sunday morning, July 29<sup>th</sup>, several strangers in Lacedonia, who hearing of the wonderful event, hastened to the church of St. Philip, and saw and heard all. And returning to their respective homes they too spread the news of the miracle; and from the neighbouring towns



of Rocchetto, St. Antonio, Carbonara, Candela, Calitri and others there was a constant stream of visitors to the house of Michael Balestrieri.

All wished to visit the room where a ray of the omnipotent bounty of God had passed; all wished to see the miraculously cured girl.

Doctors Diaferia and Palmese were not at all backward in recognizing and publicly acknowledging the intervention of the supernatural in the case, and they signed a *public instrument in the presence of a notary*.

Indeed Doctor Diaferia went on the very evening of July 29<sup>th</sup> to personally investigate the matter.

After a minute examination, as though a movement of divine power subjugated his mind, he prostrated

himself on the ground and confessed to the miracle of God.

On the morning of that event, Raffaella Lombardi, in the midst of the general joy, had the kind idea of communicating to the lawyer Longo the glad news, and sent him the following telegram :

*Bartolo Longo, Esq.*

*Valle di Pompei.*

Antonietta Balestrieri risen from her bed, healed. Apparition of our Lady of Pompeii. Offer thanks.

*Raffaella Lombardi Balestrieri.*

On the evening of September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1880, a company of thirty persons left Lacedonia for Pompeii on a devout pilgrimage; among them were Anto-

nietta Balestrieri, her noble aunt, Raffaella Lombardi, her whole family and other friends.

The trip, made in carriage, lasted three days. In Atripalda, where the pious company rested on Tuesday night, the rumour of the miracle got abroad, and crowds came to listen to the narrative from the lips of the father and to see the fortunate daughter.

On Thursday, September 13<sup>th</sup>, the pious pilgrimage reached the Sanctuary. Antonietta, true to the Virgin's order took off her shoes before entering, and then on her knees approached the altar. All who accompanied her, even the coachman, followed her example.

She had fulfilled her promise to fast, as for three days she had lived on

bread and water. And together with other members of her family, amidst the tears of compunction of all present in the church, she received holy communion at the altar of the Madonna, and thus her vow was accomplished to the greater glory of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary of Pompeii.

So striking a miracle not only was attested to by the vicar-general and the priests who had called on the patient, by Antonietta's parents and the two attending physicians, but was also confirmed by a notarial deed authenticating those testimonies as well as the attestations of some thirty citizens who had all been witnesses both of the young lady's illness and of miraculous her cure.

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## NOVENA OF IMPETRATION

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Put the miraculous picture in a becoming place and, if possible, light before it two candles, as a symbol of your faith and fervour, and then pray as follows:

*In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*

*Ÿ. O God, come to my aid.*

*Rf. O Lord, make haste to help me.*

*Ÿ. Glory be to the Father, etc.*

### I.

O Immaculate Virgin and Queen of the holy Rosary, in these days of dying faith and triumphant impiety, thou hast deigned to set thy

throne of Queen and Mother on the ancient land of Pompeii, of yore the abode of heathens; and from the spot where idols and demons were worshipped, thou, as the Mother of divine graces, dost now lavish on this world the treasures of the heavenly mercies: from that throne where thou reignest so mercifully, o Mary, turn down thy pitiful eyes towards me too, and have mercy on me who am in such a need of thy help. Show thyself to me also, as thou hast shown thyself to so many, a true Mother of mercy: *monstra te esse matrem*; whilst I, from the bottom of my heart, greet and invoke thee as my Sovereign and Queen of the most holy Rosary.



*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy,  
our life, our sweetness and our  
hope! To thee do we cry, poor ba-  
nished children of Eve; to thee do  
we send up our sighs, weeping and  
mourning in this valley of tears.  
Turn then, o our Advocate, those  
merciful eyes of thine towards us,  
and after this our exile, show us  
Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb.  
O clement, o pious, o sweet Virgin  
Mary!*

II.

Prostrate at the foot of thy throne,  
o great and glorious Queen, my  
soul venerates thee, amidst sobs  
and sorrows that overwhelm it. In  
these my anguishes and troubles,

I lift up my eyes confidently to thee who hast vouchsafed to choose for thy abode these countries of poor, forsaken peasants; and here, near the town and amphitheatre, once the scene of pagan pleasures, where now silence of ruins reigns, thou, as *Queen of victories*, has raised thy powerful voice, to invite thy devoted children from all parts of Italy and of the whole catholic world to build thee a temple. Have mercy, at last, on this my soul that lies humbled in the mire; have mercy on me, o Queen, have mercy on me oppressed beyond measure by miseries and humiliations. Thou, who art the terror of demons, defend me from the enemies that

beset me; thou, who art the *Help of christians*, rescue me from the trials in which I so miserably live; thou, who art *our Life*, overcome death threatening my soul amidst the dangers to which it is exposed, and give me back peace, tranquillity, love and health. Amen.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

### III.

To hear how many have received thy favours only because they confidently had recourse to thee, gives me new spirit and courage to implore thy help. Thou didst once promise to saint Dominic that whosoever wants graces will obtain them through thy rosary: behold

I, with thy rosary in hand, call upon thee, o Mother, for the fulfilment of thy maternal promises. Thou who, even now, dost multiply wonders in order to encourage thy children to build thee a temple at Pompeii, thou art certainly willing to wipe away our tears and and soothe our pains. I now pour out my heart before thee, and with a lively faith, call upon and invoke thee, o my mother! mother dear! beautiful mother! Mother most sweet, help me. *Mother and Queen of the holy Rosary*, do not longer delay to hold out thy mighty hand towards me and to save me, for, thou knowest, delay would bring me to ruin.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

IV.

To whom shall I ever have recourse if not, to thee, who art the *Relief of the wretched*, the *Comfort of the forsaken*, the *Solace of the afflicted*? I confess it, my soul is miserable, overloaded with enormous sins, deserving to burn in hell, unworthy of thy graces; but art thou not the *Hope of the hopeless*, the great mediatrix between man and God, our powerful advocate before the throne of the Most High, the *Refuge of sinners*? Say only one word to thy Son, on my behalf, and he will hear thee. Beg of him, o Mother, this grace I want so much..... (*Here stop a while*



*and specify the grace which you are asking for in this Novena).*  
Thou alone canst obtain in for me,  
thou who art my only hope, my  
consolation, my sweetness, my  
whole life! As I hope, so may it be.  
*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

V.

O Virgin and Queen of the holy  
Rosary, thou who art the daughter  
of the heavenly Father, the mother  
of the divine Son, the spouse of  
the Holy Ghost, thou who hast all  
power with the most Holy Trinity,  
must obtain for me this grace so  
necessary to me, if it be not an  
obstacle to my eternal salvation...  
*(Here again stop and specify the*



*grace you desire*). I ask it of thee by thy Immaculate Conception, by thy divine maternity, by thy joys, by thy sorrows, by thy glories; I ask it through the heart of thy loving Jesus, through the nine months during which thou didst bear him in thy womb, through the hardships of his life, through his bitter Passion, through his death on the cross, through his most holy name and his most precious blood. I finally ask it by thy most sweet heart and thy glorious name, o Mary, who art the *Star of the sea*, the *powerful Queen*, the *Gate of heaven*, and the *Mother of all graces*. In thee I trust, from thee I hope everything, thou must save me. Amen.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy...*

*Ÿ. Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, o sacred Virgin.*

*Rf. Give me strength against thy enemies.*

*Ÿ. Pray for us, Queen of the most holy Rosary,*

*Rf. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son hath purchased for us the rewards of eternal salvation through his life, death and resurrection, we beseech thee, grant to us, who are commemorating those mysteries in the holy rosary of the blessed Virgin Mary, the grace to hearken to the

lessons they teach us and to obtain the blessings they promise. Through the same Jesus-Christ Our Lord. Amen.

*By a rescript of Nov. 29th 1887, Leo XIII has granted to the faithful who devoutly recite, before a picture of our Lady of Pompeii, this Novena, composed of five prayers with versicles, responsories and Oremus, 300 days' indulgence on each day of the novena, and a plenary indulgence to those who, on any day in the course or at the conclusion of the novena, confess their sins, receive holy communion, and pray for his intentions.*

## NOVENA OF THANKSGIVING

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Before the picture of the Virgin of Pompeii light two candles, if possible, and then, holding the rosary in your hands, pray as follows:

Ÿ. *O God, come to my aid.*

Rſ. *O Lord, make haste to help me.*  
*Glory be to the Father, etc.*

### I.

Behold me at thy feet, o Immaculate Mother of Jesus, who likeliest being invoked as *Queen of the Rosary* in Valle di Pompei: with joy in my heart, with my soul full of the liveliest gratitude, I come back again to thee, o my generous be-

nefactress, my sweet Lady, Queen of my heart; I come to thee, who hast really shown thyself a *Mother*, the mother who loves me so much. I was sorry, and thou hast heard me; I was afflicted, and thou hast consoled me; I was in anguish, and thou hast given me peace again. Dolours and pains of death had beset my heart, and thou, o mother, from thy throne of Pompeii, thou hast cheered me with a glance of pity. Who ever addresses himself to thee with faith, and is not listened to? Oh! if all the world could only know how good thou art, how compassionate on those who suffer, then all creatures would have recourse to thee! Be ever blessed, o Virgin, Queen of Pompeii, by me



and by all, by men and angels, by earth and heaven!

*Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

II.

I return thanks to God and to thee, divine Mother, for the new favours which have been granted to me through thy kindness and mercy. What would have become of me, hadst thou repelled my sighs and tears? May the angels of paradise, the choirs of apostles, of martyrs, of virgins and confessors, thank thee for me! May so many souls of sinners thou hast saved and are now enjoying in heaven the vision of thy immortal beauty, thank thee for me!



Would that all creatures along with me might love thee, and that the whole world might repeat the echo of my gratitude! What can I return to thee, Queen, rich in kindness and magnificence? I will devote the rest of my life to thee and to the spreading of thy devotion, *o Virgin of the Rosary of Pompeii*, by whose intercession the grace of the Lord has visited me; I will tell everybody the mercy thou hast granted to me, I will always proclaim how kind thou hast been towards me, so that unworthy sinners like myself may have recourse to thee with confidence.

*Glory be to the Father, &c.*

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, &c.*

III.

By what names shall I address thee, o pure Dove of peace? By what titles shall I invoke thee, whom the holy doctors called Queen of creation, Gate of life, Temple of God, Palace of light, Glory of heaven, Saint among the saints, Miracle of miracles, Paradise of the Most High? Thou art the Treasurer of graces, the suppliant omnipotence, nay, the mercy itself of God which descends upon the unfortunate. But I know it is sweet to thy heart to be called *Queen of the Rosary* in Valle di Pompei. In thus addressing thee, I feel the

sweetness of thy mystical name, o *Rose of Paradise*, transplanted in this valley of tears to soothe the pains of us, banished children of Eve; red Rose of charity, more fragrant than all the aromas of Libanus, thou who, by the perfume of thy celestial sweetness, dost attract in thy valley the hearts of sinners to the heart of God, thou art the Rose of eternal freshness, that, watered by the streams of the celestial fountains, hast struck thy root in the soil dried up by a rain of fire, the Rose of immaculate beauty, who in the place of desolation hast planted the garden of Lord's delights. Praised be God who made thy name so admirable. Bless all ye, o nations, the name of the

Virgin of Pompeii, for the whole earth is full of her mercy.

*Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

#### IV.

Amidst the storms which had submerged me, I lifted up my eyes to thee, new star of hope now-a-days risen over the valley of the ruins. From the depths of bitterness I raised my voice to thee, Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, and I experienced the power of that title so dear to thee. Hail! will I always cry, hail! mother of piety, immense sea of graces, ocean of goodness and mercy!

Who can worthily sing the new

glories of thy rosary, the fresh victories of thy crown? In the valley, where satan was devouring the souls, thou hast opened a place of salvation for those who, snatching themselves from the arms of Jesus, rushed into the devil's hands. O conqueror, thou hast trodden down the ruins of the pagan temples and set the throne of thy dominion on the ruins of idolatry, thou hast changed the sojourn of death into a valley of resurrection and life and on the earth where thy enemy reigned, thou hast set up a stronghold of refuge in which thou takest people into safety.

Behold, thy children scattered in the world have there raised a throne to thee as a memorial of thy



miracles and as a trophy of thy mercies. From that throne thou hast called me also among thy chosen children; and on this poor person of mine rests the eye of thy mercy. May thy works be ever blessed, o Lady, and blessed be all the marvels worked by thee in the valley of desolation and destruction!

*Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

V.

May thy glory resound in every language, o Lady, and may the concert of our blessings resound from evening to dawn! All the na-



tions call thee *Blessed*, and all the shores of the earth and all the mansions of heaven repeat thee *Blessed*. Thrice blessed will I too call thee with the Angels, with the Archangels, with the Principalities; thrice blessed will I too call thee with the angelic Powers, with the Virtues of heaven and with the supreme Dominations; most blessed will I too call thee with the Thrones, with the Cherubim and with the Seraphim. O my sovereign deliverer, do not cease casting thy merciful eyes on this family, on this nation, on the whole Church; above all, do not refuse me the greatest of all graces, namely, that my weakness may never separate me from thee. May I persevere to

my last hour in that faith and in that love which now burn in my soul, and may all who contribute to the building of thy sanctuary at Pompeii once be in the number of the elect.

O crown of the rosary of my Mother, I press thee to my heart and kiss thee with reverence.....  
*(Here kiss your rosary).* Thou art the means of acquiring all virtues, the treasure of merits for heaven, the pledge of my predestination, the strong chain which ties the enemy, a source of peace to those who honour thee in life, an augury of victory to those who kiss thee in death. At that last hour, I wait for thee, o Mother: thy appearance will be to me the sign of my sal-

vation; thy rosary will open unto me the gates of heaven. Amen.

*Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

ŷ. Pray for us, Queen of the most holy Rosary,

R[esp]. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God and Father of our Lord Jesus-Christ, who hast taught us to have recourse to thee with confidence and to call thee « *Our Father, who art in heaven,* » o good Lord, to whom it is proper always to have mercy and to forgive, through the intercession of the

Immaculate Virgin Mary, hear us who take pride in the title of *sons of the Rosary*, accept our humble thanks for the graces received, and render every day more glorious and everlasting the throne thou hast raised to her in the sanctuary of Pompeii. Through the merits of Jesus-Christ our Lord. Amen.

By a rescript of April 29th 1892, Leo XIII has granted to the faithful who devoutly recite the *Novena of thanksgiving* the same indulgences, both partial and plenary, and on the same conditions as for the *Novena of impetration*.

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PETITION  
TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY  
OF POMPEII

To be recited on the 8th of May and  
the first Sunday in October.

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*In the name of the Father and  
of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.  
Amen.*

I.

O august Queen of victories,  
Virgin who reignest in paradise,  
whose mighty name causes heaven  
to rejoice and hell to tremble,  
o glorious Queen of the most holy  
Rosary, we, thy happy children  
chosen by thy goodness in this



century to build thee a temple at Pompeii, kneeling at thy feet on this solemn day to commemorate thy latest triumphs on the spot where idols and demons were formerly worshipped, we pour out with tears the feelings of our hearts and with a filial confidence lay before thee our miseries.

From that throne of mercy where thou sittest as Queen, o Mary, turn down thy pitiful eyes on us, on our families, on Italy, on Europe, and the whole Church; take into pity the afflictions which overwhelm us and the cares which embitter our life. Thou seest, o Mother, how many dangers of soul and body surround us, how many misfortunes and sorrows trouble us.



O Mother, keep back the arm of justice of thy indignant Son, and conquer by thy mercy the hearts of sinners, since they are our brethren and thy children, redeemed through the blood of our sweet Jesus and through the wounds of thy most tender heart pierced with the sword. Show thyself to all in this day, as thou art, the Queen of peace and mercy.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

II.

It is but too true that we, although thy children, are the first who crucify Jesus in our hearts and wound anew thy heart by our sins. We confess it, we deserve the

severest chastisements; yet remember how thou didst receive, on the top of Golgotha, the last drops of that divine blood, and the testament of our dying Redeemer. And this testament of a God, sealed with the blood of a Man-God, appointed thee *our Mother*, the *Mother of sinners*. Thus as our *Mother*, thou art our *Advocate* and our *Hope*. To thee, amidst sighs, do we lift up our hands, crying for mercy!

Have pity, good Mother, have pity on us, on our souls, on our families, on our relations, on our friends, on our departed brethren, above all, on our enemies, and on so many who claim the name of christians, yet wound the loving heart of thy Son. Pity, o Mother,

we now implore thee for pity on the erring nations, on all Europe, on the whole world, that they may repair repentant to thy heart. Be merciful to all, o Mother of mercy.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

### III.

What does it cost thee, o Mary, to hear us? What does it cost thee to save us? Did not Jesus entrust to thy hands all the treasures of his graces and mercies? Thou sittest as Queen at the right hand of thy Son, crowned with immortal glory, above all the choirs of angels. Thou extendest thy dominion as far as the heavens expand, the earth and all the creatures that

people it are subject to thee. Thy power even reaches hell; and thou alone, o Mary, canst rescue us from the devil's grasp. Thou art almighty by grace, and therefore thou canst save us. Now if thou sayest thou wilt not help us because we are ungrateful children and unworthy of thy protection, tell us at least to whom shall we have recourse in order to be released from so many evils? Oh! no, thy maternal heart will never bear to see the ruin of thy children. The divine Child we behold on thy knees, the mystical crown we admire in thy hand, both inspire us with hope that we will be heard. And full of confidence in thee, we throw ourselves at thy feet, we

trust ourselves as feeble children into the arms of the tenderest amongst mothers and to-day, this very day, we expect from thee the graces we are longing for.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

**Let us ask Mary for her blessing.**

We now ask of thee, o Queen, a last favour which thou canst not refuse on this solemn day. Grant to all of us thy constant love and in a special manner thy maternal blessing. No, we will not leave thy feet to-day nor cease clasping thy knees till thou hast blessed us. Bless now, o Mary, the sovereign Pontiff: to the first laurels of thy crown, to the ancient trophies of



the Rosary, whence thou art called Queen of victories, add also this one, o Mother, grant triumph to religion and peace to mankind. Bless our bishop, the priests, and particularly those who promote the honour of thy Sanctuary; bless finally all those who are associated to thy new temple of Pompeii and who practise and spread devotion to thy most holy rosary.

O blessed rosary of Mary, sweet chain which unites us to God, bond of love which connects us with the angels, tower of safety against the assaults of hell, sure harbour in the universal shipwreck, never more shall we part with thee; thou shalt be our comfort in the hour of



agony: to thee the last kiss of our life; and the last word of our dying lips shall be thy sweet name, o Queen of the Rosary of Valle di Pompei. Mother dear, only refuge of sinners, supreme comforter of the afflicted, blessed be thy name, now and for ever, on earth and in heaven. Amen.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

N. B — This prayer has been approved by the Congregation of rites, and Leo XIII has granted an *indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines* to those who devoutly recite it on the 8th May or on the first Sunday in October. (Rescript of June 18th, 1887).

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VISIT  
TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY  
OF POMPEII

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O Virgin chosen among all the daughters of the race of Adam, Rose of charity, transplanted from the celestial gardens into this arid earth of exile to refresh by thy fragrance the way-worn travellers in this valley of tears; true Queen of eternal flowers, Mother worthy of God, who hast vouchsafed to set, in these days, thy throne of grace and mercy on the desolate soil of Pompeii, to recall men from the death of sin to the life of grace, I have recourse to thee, I entreat thee not to repel me from thy sacred feet,

since the whole Church of the faithful call and proclaim thee the *Mother of mercy*. Thou art she who, being so dear to God, is always heard. Thy most kind affability, o Lady, never despised any sinner recommending himself to thee, however guilty he might have been. Now, is it perhaps falsely or in vain that the Church call thee her advocate and the refuge of the wretched? May my faults never prevent thee from discharging thy great duty of mercy in virtue of which thou art the advocate and mediatrix of peace, the only hope and the surest refuge of sinners. May it never be that the Mother of God, who, for the sake of the whole world, brought forth Jesus, the

fountain of mercy, could have denied her pity to any miserable who had recourse to her. Thy duty, O Mary, is to be pacifier between God and men: may thus thy great bounty, far greater than all my sins, be moved to help me. O Mary, Queen of the Rosary, who showest thyself as a star of hope in the valley of Pompeii, be propitious to me. I will come every day at thy feet and call thee to my aid: and thou, from thy new throne of Pompeii, look down in mercy on me and bless me. Amen.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*

All the faithful who visit the picture of the miraculous Virgin of Pompeii, exposed in any church or chapel in the world, gain 300 *days' indulgence* once a day and a *plenary indulgence* both on the first Sunday of October and on the 8th May. (POPE LEO XIII. Rescript of June 1890).

INTENTIONS  
FOR THE RECITAL OF THE ROSARY  
OF OUR LADY OF POMPEII

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Let us beseech Almighty God to strengthen our faith, confirm our hope and kindle charity in our hearts, and let us pay the homage of our adoration to the three divine persons of the Blessed Trinity.

The *Apostles' creed. Our Father.*  
3 *Hail Marys. Glory.*

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THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

1st Mystery.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of



Pompeii, for the spirit of humility, confidence and perseverance in our daily prayers.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

## **2nd Mystery.**

### **Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for peace, union and mutual encouragement by good example in our families, and for a sincere and practical charity among us.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

## **3rd Mystery.**

### **The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus-Christ.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of



Pompeii, for a deep respect towards Jesus-Christ present in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

#### **4th Mystery.**

**The Purification of the Blessed  
Virgin Mary.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for a great purity of body and soul.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

#### **5th Mystery.**

**The Finding of Jesus in the temple.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary

of Pompeii, for a sincere regard towards our pastors and cheerful obedience to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

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## THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

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### 1st Mystery.

**The agony of Our Lord Jesus-Christ.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for a true sorrow for our sins and a firm resolution to avoid all occasions of ever offending God.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

## **2nd Mystery.**

### **The scourging of Our Lord.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for the grace to overcome our besetting temptation and all our bad inclinations.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

## **3rd Mystery.**

### **The crowning with thorns.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for the conversion of sinners, protestants and heathens of this town.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

#### 4th Mystery.

**The carrying of the cross.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for patience and resignation in bearing our daily sufferings, our sorrows and troubles.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

#### 5th Mystery.

**Our Lord Jesus-Christ dying on the cross.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for the grace of a peaceful and holy death.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

## THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

### 1st Mystery.

#### The resurrection of Our Lord.

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for spiritual and temporal blessings on our parents, children, relations and friends.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

### 2nd Mystery.

#### The ascension of Our Lord.

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, to release from the flames of purgatory the souls of our departed brethren.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

### **3rd Mystery.**

**The coming of the Holy Ghost.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, for help and success in all our undertakings.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

### **4th Mystery.**

**Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.**

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, to grant his special protection to all the parishioners of....

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*



## 5th Mystery.

### Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.

Let us ask God through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, to receive hereafter all of us into the happiness of heaven.

*Our Father. 10 Hail Marys. Glory.*

*℟. Pray for us, Queen of the most holy Rosary,*

*℞. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son hath purchased for us the rewards of eternal salvation through his life, death and resurrection, we beseech

thee, grant to us who are commemorating those mysteries in the holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the grace to hearken to the lessons they teach us and to obtain the blessings they promise. Through the same Jesus-Christ Our Lord. *Amen.*

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**PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF POMPEII**  
**for the conversion**  
**of heretics, schismatics and pagans**  
**throughout the world.**

O Most merciful Queen of the Rosary of Pompeii, thou who, as the Seat of wisdom, hast set a throne of new mercies on a land of yore the abode of pagans to draw all nations to salvation by means of thy chaplet of mystical roses, remember that thy

divine Son once said: « *And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd* ». Remember also that on Calvary thou becamest our Co-redeemer, cooperating with thy divine Son unto the salvation of the world, the restorer of mankind, the mother of all men.

Seest thou not, o Mother, how many souls are lost every day? Seest thou not how many millions of Indians, Chinese and pagans of every clime do not as yet know Jesus-Christ? I beseech thee, obtain from this thy same Son that all pagans, Jews, heretics, schismatics and dissenters throughout the world may receive through thy intercession the supernal

light and joyfully enter into the bosom of the true Church. And so grant the prayer which the visible Head of the earthly Jerusalem, the Roman Pontiff, so confidently addresses to thee: that we all united may sing the hymn of the nuptials of the Redeemer with His mystical Bride and hereafter in the heavenly Jerusalem glorify thee, Queen of victories, who by means of the Rosary destroyest all heresies. Amen.

*Hail, Queen, Mother of mercy, etc.*  
(40 days' indulgence once a day.)

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## OUR LADY'S FIFTEEN PROMISES TO THE CLIENTS OF HER ROSARY.

I. — Whoever will constantly serve me by reciting my rosary shall receive some special grace.

II. — To all those who will devoutly re-

cite my Psalter, I promise my special protection and great graces.

III. — The rosary shall be a most powerful armour against hell, shall destroy vices, dissipate sins and subdue heresies.

IV. — The rosary shall cause virtue and holy works to reflower; it shall obtain for all the souls abundant mercies from God; it shall draw the hearts of men from the love of the world towards the love of God and raise them to the desire of eternal things. How many souls will be sanctified by this means!

V. — The soul that recommends itself to me through the rosary shall not perish.

VI. — Whoever devoutly recites the holy rosary whilst meditating on its sacred mysteries, shall not be overwhelmed by misfortunes, nor die a sudden death, but shall get converted if a sinner, and, if a just, shall remain in grace and be made worthy of the eternal life.

VII. — The true client of my rosary shall not die without receiving the holy sacraments.

VIII. — I wish that those who recite my rosary should have, during life and in death, the light and fulness of graces, and should be, during life and in death, admitted to share in the merits of the blessed in paradise.

IX. — Every day, I deliver from purgatory the souls devoted to my rosary.

X. — The true children of my rosary shall enjoy great glory in heaven.

XI. — Whatever you ask through my rosary shall be granted to you.

XII. — Those who propagate my rosary shall be helped by me in all their wants.

XIII. — I have obtained from my divine son that all the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary could have the whole heavenly court as their brethren during life and in death.

XIV. — Those who recite my rosary are



my children and the brothers of Jesus-Christ, my only son.

XV. — The devotion to my rosary is a great sign of predestination.

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## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY OF POMPEII

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**Conditions requisite to become a member.**

1. To have one's name entered in the register of the confraternity at Pompeii <sup>1)</sup>.
2. To use a rosary blessed by a Dominican Father or by a priest especially empowered to do so <sup>2)</sup>.

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1) Names may be sent from any part of India to the Rev. J. W. Levaux, apostolic missionary at Madras, who will forward them by the next mail to Sir Bartolo Longo.

2) The Rev. J. W. Levaux has got the faculty of enriching rosaries with all the Pompeian indulgences.

3) To recite the fifteen decades of the rosary *within a week*, whilst meditating on the fifteen mysteries.

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## INDULGENCES FOR MEMBRES

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### I. On the day of enrolment.

A *plenary indulgence*, if they make their confession and receive the Holy Eucharist.

### II. Every year.

1. A *plenary indulgence*, on some day at choice, to those who say their daily beads.

2. A *plenary indulgence*, on the following feasts: Epiphany, Purification, two Fridays in Lent, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Annunciation, holy Crown of our Lord, Ascension Thursday, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, Invention of the holy

Cross, Visitation, Assumption, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Sunday, Exaltation of the holy Gross, All Saints' day, Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Immaculate Conception and Christmas day.

### III. Every month.

1. A *plenary indulgence*, on some day at choice, with the usual conditions, to those who daily meditate a quarter of an hour.

2. A *plenary indulgence* on the last Sunday, for members who have said their beads three times every week.

### IV. Every week.

1. *Thirty years and thirty quarantines* to those who recite three entire rosaries of fifteen decades.

2) *Seven years and seven quarantines* to those who recite once the entire rosary.

3. *Six years* to those who, within the same week, recite three chaplets each of them on a different day.

### V. Every day.

1. A *plenary indulgence* to all members who recite the entire rosary of fifteen decades.

2. *One hundred days* for each *Our Father* and each *Hail Mary* of the chaplet.

(This indulgence is attached only to Pompeian rosaries as blessed by a Dominican Father).

3. *Ten years and ten quarantines* for the chaplet recited in common.

4. *Fifty years* for members who recite the chaplet of five decades in the church of the confraternity or in any church, if the confraternity is not yet established.

5. *Five years and five quarantines*, that is to say **2,025** days, for each *Hail Mary* of the chaplet. (Decree of Pope Leo XIII of March 29th, 1886).

6. *Five years and five quarantines* again

for the name of JESUS, if pronounced after the words « *the fruit of thy womb* » in each *Hail Mary*.

7. *One hundred years and hundred quarantines*, viz. 40,525 days, once a day, to all members who, with contrite hearts, carry the rosary about them in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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## OBSERVATIONS

We do not mention here many other indulgences, as it is not necessary to know the details of them, but it is enough to have a general intention of gaining all the indulgences which the Church has granted.

Special indulgences may be gained by saying the beads or receiving communion in the church of the Confraternity, by visiting the chapel of the Rosary, assisting at the procession of the Rosary, etc.



All the indulgences of the Confraternity of the Rosary may be applied to the souls in Purgatory. (Pius IX. Concession of April, 1859).

The usual conditions for gaining a plenary indulgence amount to these: to confess one's sins, to receive holy communion, and to pray for the intentions of the Pope by reciting, for instance, five *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias*, or a decade of the rosary and the like.

Weekly confession, with the intention of gaining all the indulgences which may occur, is quite enough. One communion suffices also for gaining on the same day many plenary indulgences, but you must repeat the prayers and visits as often as you intend to obtain an indulgence.

In saying the beads there should be no notable interruption which would destroy the moral unity of prayer.

A declaration of the Holy See prescribes to hold the rosary in hand and to



feel the beads as the *Hail Marys* are recited. If the rosary be said in common, it is enough that one of the members present hold the blessed rosary in his hands. (Pius IX. Decree of Jannary 22nd, 1858).

It is of no avail to add the word *Jesus* after *Amen* at the end of the *Hail Mary*.

As soon as you have made use of a rosary you cannot lend it with a view to communicate its indulgences, for the indulgences would then be lost both for you and the borrower.

A rosary does not lose its indulgences when a few of the beads are lost, nor when the wire is renewed.

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